

Love Myself by MissCorn

Series: [The Year We Waited \(Mileven One-Shots\) \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

The morning after Mileven's adventurous March meetup, Eleven attempting to please herself and Nancy being a good teacher to her brother.

OR

Lucas, Dustin and Will find them sleeping semi-naked together, Eleven can't find a way to cum and Mike is desperate enough to ask his sister about the mysteries of the female orgasm.

Love Myself

Author's Note:

* It's been a while, but I'm not going to leave this unfinished. Next chapter is going to be DA BOMB, promise <3

* You can find me at <https://mikes2ndcousinfromsweden.tumblr.com/> where you can always send me requests <3

(* The characters are all aged-up)

Lucas was the first to wake up, stretching inside his sleeping bag, and crawling his way to Dustin, giving him a push at his lower back with his feet to which he responded with a low whining “Ooouth!” before turning around to lift his body and crush Lucas underneath him, giving the idea of two very aggressive worms fighting for dominance. “O-kayyyyyy, you win!” said Lucas under Dustin, finding himself unable to make a move. “Who’th the worm king?” asked Dustin still whispering, but with a tone of fulfillment. “It’s you goddammit, now GET OFF.” He moved to the side freeing his best friend with a toothless smile. “Let’th go to Will!” he proposed smirking wickedly and they both stared at the direction of the peacefully sleeping boy. Will’s lip moved as if he mouthed a response to their plan. “Nah” they both said under their breath, merciful to their friend and turned to look at the direction of Mike, his curly hair sticking out from the top of his sleeping bag even from across the basement, and wiggled their brows at the idea.

They stood up, holding their sleeping bags around them, jumping around the table, their unfinished campaign still laying on the surface, getting closer to Mike. As they approached him jump by jump, a second curly haired head made its appearance under Mike’s chin, his bare arm now visibly around the other person’s smaller body and they froze to their places, their jaws dropped and eyes widened. “What the f-?” Lucas didn’t get the chance to finish

mouthed his cursing when freshly woken up Will interrupted him “Guys, what are y-” “SHHHHH!” they both turned suddenly to silence him, their index fingers at the middle of their lips. Surprised, Will was now on his way too, jumping with his sleeping bag, almost falling, but keeping his balance the last minute, yawning a few feet away from them, until his eyes met the object of their glaring that drove the last traces of sleep out of his system.

Unconsciously Mike felt their presence, beginning to wake up, memories from last night slowly coming back to him. *El*. He half smiled moving his hand up and down the warm, smooth skin of her back, pressing her closer to his uncovered torso, her arm around his waist, *koala hug*, he thought. His eyes opened momentarily and closed back instantly, his brain not really quick enough to understand and react to the image of his best friends staring at them. *Then* he made the connection, jerking at his position, his arm tightening a little too hard, a little too fast around El’s petit body earning him a muffled noise. His eyes moving from face to face and he opened his mouth to say something, but he didn’t know what, so he let his head fall back again, accepting the unfortunate turn of events. At last he mouthed intensively “IT’S. NAWT. WHAT. IT. LOOKS. LIKE.” his left hand joining the fight to explain the situation with concise movements and his friends just giggled at the gradual redness of his face. Lucas made a sign to let him know that they would leave in a while and let his sleeping bag fall to the floor, a dirty smile still lingering on his face. Dustin gave him a thumbs up and purred as quietly as he could making Will laugh, who bit down his lower lip so he wouldn’t wake El up, and Mike placed his arm over his eyes not wanting to meet their eyes anymore.

He kept his arm there, just listening to them packing their stuff, but preferring to concentrate on El’s steady breath on his skin that made him extremely conscious of every other part of her body that came in contact with his, making it impossible to keep his mind from wandering, replaying last night’s early hours. It was finally when he heard their steps on the stairs and then the door open and close that he hesitantly moved his arm away from his eyes and snuggled closer to El, inhaling the smell of her hair and skin, storing it to his memory, holding her closer and placing a small kiss at the top of her hairline, moving her curls behind her ear. *So beautiful and so unaware*

of it.

* * *

That March meetup worked like an awakening for both Mike and Eleven and the weeks that followed were filled with tension and wanting.

EL

It's been a week since she woke up next to Mike, *next* being an understatement, more like *on* Mike, his chest under her head ascending rhythmically with every inhalation, his hand running up and down her back, that combined with the morning chill, sent a flare of goose bumps down her spine, his body suddenly aware of her slowly waking up. She caressed his side, not opening her eyes just yet, just feeling him. A shy smile creeping up her face as she noticed a small hitch in his breath, and turned her face to plant a kiss at the center of his torso. His hand came to cup her face as her chin rested at the spot of her kiss. "Hi!" he said, his voice hoarse, sounding sexy without even a bit of trying, he smiled down at her and she brought her lower lip between her teeth, while sliding her hand up and behind his neck, urging herself up and him forward to join their lips, their naked upper bodies rubbing against each other at the movement in a delicious manner.

Now, she had woken up at her own bed, alone, no comforter or blanket equivalent to his warmth and she let herself lay there for just a little while longer, valuing the state between dream and reality, where every thought and fantasy feels somewhat more realistic, possible even, true. She went back to these early morning hours when he wrapped his arm around her waist and shifted their positions, overpowering her and climbing on top of her. She liked dominant Mike and her back arched from the mattress as she could feel him once again, her legs spreading wider automatically, welcoming him to repeat his actions, this time through her memories. Her hand travelled lower and between her legs, *where he should be*.

She remembered how the tip of his erection bumped against her wet core with each roll of his hips and felt herself respond accordingly, feeling the same heat originating from her core, under her fingers.

She fantasized of his searching hand, how it explored and roamed over her naked body, how he reached for her nipples, and mimicked his motions, lifting her shirt higher, her eyes shut tight, concentrating to every single detail she could remember. She ran her hand over her perky breasts and now hardened nipples, wishing her hand to be replaced by his. She caught one between her index finger and thumb, rolling the stiff bud and then pinching it, imagining his mouth on hers and his breath heavy over her parted lips. She remembered his question and how eagerly she accepted, trusting him completely and letting him guide her to unknown lands.

The moment his mouth closed around her nipple, brushing over it with his teeth joyfully, shifting his gaze to look at her reaction through his thick eyelashes, was the moment her eyelids filled with stars and at the thought alone her hand instinctively dived below her sweatpants chasing that *thing* she had felt when rubbing herself against his thigh. Her arousal surprised her, instantly coating her fingers with her wetness the moment she cupped her bottom gently, her palm spread out, and she could feel the rightness of this, how her body was preparing itself for something *more*, something she wanted to experience with *him*. Her middle finger dipped between her folds, searching without success. So she moved a bit higher and then, *fuck*, her fingers pressed over her clit, sending tingles throughout her body.

A heavy moan escaped her parted lips and her hand pinched harder at her firm nip, pulling lightly and gripping at the tender flesh, while the finger between her folds pressed at her center, testing the power of this little button. She pushed it again and this time it sent her legs flying towards each other, a shock running through her nerve endings, trapping her hand in the middle. Now, she moved her fingers against it, rubbing in a circular motion. The feeling was out of this world and she couldn't help but crave for *his* fingers. How he would place open-mouthed kisses at the side of her neck, maybe whisper sweet nothings in her ear in contrast with his actions, nibble at her lobe. The heat at her lower abdomen was almost unbearable now and she sought for her release, moving faster, her arm's muscles burning, her legs trembling, but the more she pushed herself to her climax, the more she felt stuck one step behind, slowly beginning to lose her rhythm and pattern, her movements becoming clumsy, frustration dressing her flushed face, the unsuccessful attempt

unnerving her.

She slowed down, took a deep breath and sighed, her pulses coming down to their regular tempo, and removed her hand from her wet panties, lowering down her shirt and dragging herself to the bathroom for a warm shower.

MIKE

It was spring break and Nancy was back in Hawkins from her college, basically out all the time with Jonathan or Steve, *or both of them*, as they stayed in touch even when all three of them got accepted to different universities around the country. When she wasn't outside reuniting with her high school friends, going to movie nights or having sleep overs here and there, she was mostly home with Mike, joining their powers to avoid anything that had to do with their parents, and catching up on each other's news and gossip, until she decided it was time to drop the bomb.

"So, how are things going with El?" she asked casually, not meeting Mike's eyes as she felt his body tighten up at the subject.

"Everything's cool, you know, with the meetups, yeah, Hopper is great for letting her come once a month, come, uh, I mean, visit?, yeah come..."

Nancy looked at him sideways. "What? Wait ARE YOU GUYS HAVING SEX?" she said in her most judging voice lifting herself up from her bed, where she was lying, to stare at the direction of Mike.

"Wait, WHAT? NO! Nance, what the hell? NO! Of course not!" These past couple years they agreed to tell everything to each other, no secrets, but it was *still* weird to talk about girls with *his sister*, and not any girl; El. He was clearly defending himself so poorly, because Nancy started wiggling her eyebrows, combining the movement with a smirk. *Fuck. Great. Now she knows. She knows what? We haven't had sex, duh! Wait, are we planning to? Wait, what?*

"Earth to Mike WHEELER!"

“What?” he was so lost in thought that her persistence shook him.

“WHAT ‘WHAT’ YOU DOUCHE? Spill!” she commanded, ready for some juicy details of her little brother’s love life.

“Nance, I told you!” he responded forcefully, trying to give an end to the subject. “We’re not having any sex...” but this time his voice lowered, embarrassed under his sister’s eyes, there was no hint of mystery or lying in his voice. It was the truth, Nancy could see that, but she could also see some discomfort in his movements.

“Wheeler, I can see right through you, you asshole. Stop overthinking and just tell me whatever it is you want to.” She said, not a sign of judgment in her voice.

Mike thought about it, while messing with the sleeves of his pajamas. *Just, tell her. It’s easier said than done. Ugh, just, plain and simple. “How do you girls come?” Ew, ew, ewww. Don’t think about Nancy and Steve. Great. Fuck. UGH.* “OKEY, SO-” he startled Nance with his unexpected beginning “-you see, El and, and I, we-wecamealittleclosetheothernight, and, and I wanna know, you *know*, how to... makethisgoodforher.” He was smoothing the wrinkles from her comforter now, relieved that what he wanted to ask was out there, but nervous about her reaction and response.

“Are we *still* not talking about sex? Cause, if we are I’ll need to talk you through some basics first and about protection and how to-”

“STILL NOT TALKING ABOUT SEX.” He cut her mumbling short, afraid that this would turn into some uncomfortable sex-talk, not that it wasn’t already uncomfortable, but still, it wasn’t a topic he was ready to discuss.

“Okay, so, foreplay then.” Nancy asked softly, calming him down, he gave her a small nod and she tried to understand what he had in mind. “As much as I enjoy playing the guessing game, you’re gonna *have to* give me some information at one point.”

He sighed. “I want to know... how to fucking *finger* her, goddammit.” He had leaned forward, steadying himself on his hands, pronouncing clearly every word (especially the ones beginning with “f”) without

shame, and Nancy's eyes shot wide in astonishment. She had never seen him again like that, never heard him say anything dirty, and the thought that her little brother had grown from the shy kid she remembered into a teen that was probably a lot more dominant than the way he seemed now in his love life crossed her mind, leaving her feeling some kind of pride, and she couldn't help but smile. At this reaction, Mike felt self-conscious, leaning back again to his previous position, looking down and biting nervously his lower lip.

"Look Mike, I'll explain this the best I can, so just hear me out, even if you start feeling extremely uncomfortable, because I'm telling you, *you will*." She waited for his consent, understanding how difficult it must have been for him to ask her about this topic and how much he must care about El in order to put himself out there like this.

"I understand this is going to be the first time both of you try something like this, so you *must* prepare her. You *must* kiss a lot, a lot, foreplay is the key-" she stared straight at him, completely serious, making herself understood and he nodded, unable to keep his eyes at hers more than a few seconds "-and maybe, I don't know if you've done that already or not, but most women like some-" she delicately showed her breasts instead of saying it, "-action. That should be enough to get her aroused, but you'll feel it too, you'll sense it. Then it'll be the time to touch her."

Mike listened carefully, but after Nancy suggested that that would be the time to touch El, feel her arousal, which meant *feel her wetness*, Eleven filled his mind and all his senses. "Your hands should be warm, that way her body will welcome them easier", Nance continued and he imagined his hands burning from all the touching of her skin. "Girls are a bit more complicated down there, so you should take it slow, she'll probably be very sensitive to any kind of touching." He remember how she whined when he bit her perfect, hardened nipple with his teeth, how her hands took a handful of his hair, keeping him to her chest, how warm her core felt through the fabric of his pants, and ached to cause these delicious sounds again. "Spread her arousal up and down, and you'll probably touch a little bud at the top of her that'll electrify her. That's her clit." He thought about the way she grinded herself down his thigh and how he craved to find that spot himself. "That's a very responsive part of her body

and contains thousands of nerve endings. Now, what you should do with it is to rub it, circle it, softly press it, but always be gentle and keep an ear on her responses. *She* will be your guide.” He fantasized about spreading her legs wider, leaning on top of her and his hand diving between her folds, her wetness coating his fingers, the smell of her skin and the taste of her lips intoxicating him, how her hands would come up to grab him by his shoulders as he’d find that secret spot, how her eyes would roll backwards, how she would leave her neck exposed tilting her head back and he would get the chance to suck her delicate skin, while rubbing her clit eliciting beautiful moans from her mouth. “About the fingering part, you should be extra careful. Don’t thrust in deep or fast or anything, because it will probably hurt like hell. Go slow again, try with your middle finger, push in to your first knuckle, if she’s okay with it *then* you can push a little deeper and if you are on top of her and your hand is curved upwards, curl your finger upwards. There’s a theory about the G-spot, you might find it, you might not. Either way, don’t thrust in vigorously, she’s not a change purse and you’re not looking for quarters. For best results try to stimulate both clit and vagina. That’s all I had to say, good luck and may the force be with you, lil bro.”

She was talking for more than half an hour now and Mike was thankful for the way she finished her *seminar*. He stood up to leave and when he reached her door he turned to look at her “Thanks, Nance.”

She nodded. “You’re a good boyfriend, Mike Wheeler.”

* * *

March came and left like a lightning bolt, and now the second week of April was almost coming to its end, the weather was getting warmer and Jim had decided to take some days off from his job in order to take El somewhere else, somewhere where it would be just the two of them away from this tow. After discussing the possibility with El she agreed to leave early Saturday morning before the first light after her April meetup with the boys, and as much as she wanted to stay the night at Mike’s, Hopper rarely took days off and there would always be another meetup next month. She was excited to leave the city for some days, go somewhere where she wouldn’t be recognized and for once, stay outside to enjoy the warmth of the

spring sun, that was starting to warm up.

Hopper drove her to the Wheeler's that Friday evening, giving her a playful squeeze at her smiling cheek "I'll pick you up at midnight." She nodded and opened the door, glancing one last time behind her shoulder, she rang the bell and Mike's mom answered the door inviting her in "We'll have dinner in a few, go join Mike at the table!"

There he was, pacing back and forth, and she sneakily hugged him from behind, lacing her hands together and resting her face in between his shoulder blades. He smiled to himself and took his hands from his pockets, turning to face her, fingers coming to rest at the base of her hair, thumbs stroking her cheekbones. He leaned to caress her nose with his own whispering to her lips "Missed you, babe. Missed you *a lot*." Her embrace tightened and he joined their lips, parting his lips for her tongue to softly brush against his. They parted ways the moment his parents walked in, sharing an endearing little grin as they both sat at one side of the table, each touching the other's thigh with their hands under the table, his parents unaware of any action.

The dinner was going great and El turned her face to catch Mike drinking some of the juice in his glass. "I masturbated" she said, loud enough only for him to hear and he spit the juice back to his glass, almost choking, and coughing at the rest that slid down the wrong path of his lungs. Everyone turned to look at him, his mom came behind him to pat him on his back. "I'm okay, I'm okay" he said lifting one hand up, his voice still hoarse from the coughing and she tried to keep herself from laughing. He looked at her with a huge grin on his face "You'll be the death of me, woman!" at this, they both laughed and then tried to finish their meal. Without moving he continued "Did you cum?" eating a piece of bread. "No" she answered, kinda disappointed, cutting the food in her plate. He casually placed his hand high on her thigh, very close to her underwear "Don't worry babe, I can get you there" he responded turning to look and smirk at her with confidence he didn't have other times and the fire in his eyes caused a burning deep inside her. She was no longer hungry for dinner. She was hungry for something else. Mike Wheeler.